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AUTHORITY AND INDIVIDUALISM.

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As I look upon the history and tendencies of the Church, there are two things which the past and present combine to impress strongly upon my own convictions; one is, that nothing has done more or is doing more to hinder and hurt the cause of Christ's religion in the world than the tyranny or the servility which makes more account of uninspired interpretations of God's word than of that word itself; and the other is, that there is no alternative, no sure foothold for a stopping-place between individual independence in religious matters and actual Popery in some one or other of its many forms.

First, then, I say, to my mind the strong word uttered by all Church history, both nearer home and more remote, is, Come back to the Bible, stand upon its all-sufficiency as being, when interpreted by each individual for himself with a clear conscience and calm reason and unembarrassed use of all the helps of history and science and philosophy, the great, supreme and only rule of faith and guide of the spiritual life. Put all creeds, commentators, councils and human opinion, and decrees whatsoever — put them aside from between your eyes and the word of God; accept thankfully any aid which may modestly offer itself toward the understanding of that word; but the moment such aid would assume the dictatorial tone of authority, the moment it would assume the threatening air of being clothed with Divine rights, reject it, fling it the winds. It is

creeds, which have done the great mischief in Christendom. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean merely the nature of the contents of the creeds which have actually been framed, though I believe they have almost always manifested a gross perversion, misrepresentation, obscuration of the pure and entire and simple truth as it was and is in Jesus, being either excessively sombre or excessively loose, or excessively narrow, or in some shape or other altogether one-sided, but I refer to the very fact of Christians thinking it necessary to frame any creed additional to the Scriptures, or thinking it safe to frame any one as a substitute for these Divine records. I refer to the gross and egregious error, to use the softest word, of one part of the Church presuming to impose upon another part, or of even an overwhelming majority presuming to impose upon any individual believer their interpretation of the word, which God addresses directly to the individual soul. I am not warring at this moment with the views which may be or have been set forth in this or that confession of faith—I will allow them all, if you please, for the moment, to contain a great deal of truth—I will allow them to be as wisely and correctly worded, compiled or selected as can be done by uninspired minds, but I do war against the framers or upholders of them, however numerous and influential they may be, assuming the tone of infallibility, of terror. I do most strenuously contend against that spirit which makes a majority say to a minority of the Christian world, "You think you are right—we know we are." I say it as my calm, deliberate and well-considered conviction that creeds, at least, in this age, are a huge imposition, a relic of barbarism;—as creeds—(I speak not now of their merits or demerits as expressions of the individual opinion of their framers)—as creeds—public creeds—standards and arbiters of general faith, they ought to be abolished, cast aside and utterly condemned, as unseaworthy to carry the soul rightly and honorably through life's ocean. These remarks, I am persuaded, are not behind the age. Creeds, more or less directly and openly, still hold their place in the Church and above the Scriptures. They stand as the watchwords of strife, persecution, intolerance, yea, inquisition. The material flames of the old Inquisition have died out, but not yet cold is the fire

of passion within the heart even of professed Christendom. That heart burning of Christian against Christian is almost too bad to think of, if it were not too true to deny; and what fosters such feelings but the circumstance of our being taught and trained not to hold fellowship with a fellow Christian, or to admit him to be one, merely on the ground of his love for Christ and zeal for the Bible, unless we have first ascertained that he can subscribe our creed and will bear our name? I know that in this age of comparative light and liberty, the Church when it hands its member the creed, hands him also the Scripture or rather bids him search the Scripture, but it tells him what he must find there and what he must not — fearing to leave him to the God and spirit of truth; thus “the bane and antidote” indeed, “are “both before” him; but while he is almost compelled to take the poison, he is almost forbidden to swallow the antidote.

But this will not do. It is too gross and glaring a contradiction to the liberty which is in Christ, to stand the examination of the times which are and are to come. The ecclesiastical history of the past shows how dangerous, how fraught with the most critical consequences this respect for creeds is, and the signs of the present show that they are losing their hold and are coming to be viewed rather as monuments of human opinion than as masters of the conscience and the faith. Everywhere the ice upon which men, in multitudes, had dreamed they were standing safely over the mighty sea of waters is heard to crack and groan, and they are beginning here, there and everywhere to flee back to the solid land, even the rock of ages, the common word of God. There is scarcely a sect in which the chasm has not commenced or is not audibly threatened. We have old school and new school, high church and low church, conservative and progressive, everywhere. Men *will* “prove all things,” and it is the part of every servant of church and friend of man, to see to it, so far as his example and influence are concerned, simply that they also “hold fast” not that which is old *necessarily*, and merely because it is old, but “that which,” whether new or old, “is good.”

The second truth which I stated that church history, past and present, impressed upon my mind was this, that between

individual independence, between direct responsibility to God in matters of religion and virtual Popery, there is no middle ground. I believe this is beginning to be seen and felt clearly and strongly through the Church. The contest and struggle now is still less about doctrines than about principles. The principle of Protestantism, the principle of religious freedom is concerned. The mists are lifting off, which have so long hidden from men the ground on which they were really standing or trying to stand, and they are fast being called upon to say whether they will advance into consistent independency or retreat into Romish Catholicism. I have met with many Church-men, and I believe they prevail more especially in the Southern portions of our country, who take hold of the latter horn of the dilemma and deliberately maintain that Oxfordism is genuine Episcopacy, and that if they did not come to that, they would go back, as they call it, to Liberal Christianity. The sun of the Reformation, to multitudes of nominal Christians, has not yet lifted itself full-orbed above the horizon. To multitudes more, it is struggling to extricate itself from the heavy and sluggish clouds which obscure its brightness as it rises towards the meridian. Our age is fighting over again the battle of the Reformation with less and less carnal and more and more intellectual and spiritual weapons and ammunition. The Lutheran Reformation dethroned one Pope from the throne of a world's imagination, but how many petty popedoms did it set up upon the ruins! If the Pope of Rome had only decreed the doctrine of justification by faith and reformed the gross abuses of the practical operation of the doctrine of merits — in a word, if he had only consented to be an Orthodox Pope — his being invested with the Papal authority would hardly have provoked Luther into Protestantism. Protestantism did not protest so much against the principle of papacy, or at least its subsequent history has not exhibited it in this character, as against the monopoly of the Papal power and prerogatives by hoary Rome. Protestantism either kept or soon copied the really most fundamental error and evil of Popery itself, namely the setting up of some other authority over the individual man, as a religious and responsible being, than his own individual conscience — some other standard of authority, additional and therefore contradictory to the word

of God. This, if I understand it, is the all-essential element of Popery. Through this it has survived the shock of the Reformation, has lived and thrived far and wide through Christendom. Of this element the Reformers could not rid themselves. Two things they wanted to bring about more than universal toleration, namely universal orthodoxy, and themselves to be the judges of orthodoxy and its arbitrary enforcers. Protestants, too generally have not objected so much to the abstract principle of Hierarchy as to the justice of its domineering over their conduct and consciences. The Reformation, itself, therefore, is now to be reformed, or rather it is undergoing the process. I believe, indeed, that a reformation of doctrine is needed and is also going on; that from above and from below—from the cloudy, misty, cold mountain peaks of barren mystery, and from the low, marshy, stagnant flats of indifference to all religion, men and sects are slowly but surely moving toward the ground of liberal, Unitarian Christianity. But much as this may be needed, the reformation of principle is still greater and needed still more, and every sign of it is still more ardently to be hailed by every friend of Christ, of freedom and of man. What are doctrines to him who has not come by them through individual, independent inquiry and conviction? What stands more in the way of their being practised than the fact that they are so much more generally taken on trust or in terror than made the living convictions of the individual soul? First and least in order of importance comes the reformation of doctrine, that has been for these several centuries contended for; next the reformation of principle, that is the struggle of this age, a struggle of a closer, sharper and more critical character than the former; and lastly will come the reformation of life upon the principles of simple Christianity. This will be the closest struggle of all, for it will be the struggle of man not with his neighbor but with himself. These three great reformations are, in a measure, and must be going hand in hand, acting and reacting on each other,—the reformation of doctrine, the reformation of principle, the reformation of life. Neither can go on properly and completely without the other. The reformation of human life would perhaps include the whole,

The object of these remarks has been a practical one. Of what use is it to contend for religious truth unless we are going to make it meat and medicine for the soul? Of what avail to contend for religious liberty unless we are going to use it as those who by the law of liberty must be judged? Of what avail to contend for the liberty of inquiry unless we care to inquire? Of what avail to contend for any other liberty than that of knowing what is true and doing what is right? God grant that we may know the true meaning of religious liberty, its priceless worth, its solemn responsibilities! And in reference to those simple precepts and revelations of the Gospel, which have been so strangely and sadly lost out of sight amidst the wranglings of the schools and of the sects, in reference to the plain, impressive and immortal instructions of Jesus, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," I will simply close with saying after him; Happy are ye, if ye know these things, thrice happy, if ye do them!

NOTES OF A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

(Continued.)

BUFFALO, SEPT. 26.

NIAGARA is left behind, and I am not sorry. My heart has been out of time and tune, physically — ever since I came near it. It is Babel here, nobody seems able to answer our inquiries; the evening is dismally cold and rainy — and the city noise of hurrying feet and human voices is in strange contrast with the mighty mingling of supernatural sounds, which I so longed, for one moment, to hush.

Two men entered the cars this afternoon, and edified me with their conversation — "Well! how do you like Niagara?"

"Not much — came on purpose to see it and would n't give fifty cents for the sight!"

"I would n't give *three*. They say it falls one hundred and fifty feet, — but I don't believe it!"

I think they said they had been there an hour and a half.

H.'s friend has enlivened our evening with a pleasant call, and promised to bring a home face to cheer us tomorrow morning.

CLEVELAND, 27th.

We have reached here through an *age of misery* twenty-seven hours in duration! Lake Erie seemed anxious to prove to us, what the slanderer of Niagara asserted, that it was more dangerous than the Atlantic Ocean! It was, in western dialect, "considerably (*not considerably*) rough," with "considerable wind." Our boat was most venerably ancient — with a high-pressure engine, which breathed like a mastodon — with a sort of earthquaky croup, — and could scarcely sit upright in still water. It was furnished however with a jewel of an Irish chambermaid, who was unwearied in her kind attentions to all. It was soothing to hear her kind voice every where, "Ye'll feel better lying down, my dear lady, and that's the truth." — "Send all the sick ladies to me, captain. I'll do the best I can with them — A pretty sick family I've got here!" — "How do ye find yerself? Perhaps if I'll shut the blind, an ye'll get a little sleep!" One poor sufferer exclaimed with gratitude, "You are very good." — "Yes! an I mean to be good — that's what I am trying to be!" was her childlike reply. She expressed quite a maternal interest in H——, and seemed pleased and rather amused at his anxiety for me, while he was so ill himself.

As for my sea-sickness — it seemed more like a species of Hydrophobia, or insanity, than any thing else. A constant and terrible conviction that utter destruction brooded like a heavy thunder-cloud over us all; it appeared impossible that we should ever be on dear mother Earth again. I dreamed of beautiful scenery and gorgeous sunsets, on the water, and woke in agony to hear the shocking rush, thump, and jarring blow, — again, of perils past, home gained — a bright fire and brighter faces at midnight to receive me; and awoke with these lines almost audible in my shrinking soul:

"One mighty spell of bitterness —

One grand farewell to happiness —

One solemn knell to love's caress."

Why was it, that they rang in my ears a dirge-like doom, for hours after? and that innumerable other mournful thoughts

crowded into my mind like evil spirits that would not be laid? I philosophized upon the utility of sad poetry for retentive memories, — and for that time, at least, sincerely regretted all my taste for it.

But for the sunny side of our experiences. Mr. S. called at the hotel at Buffalo, and our home friend —, for so he seemed, though I had never before known him, — accompanied us to the boat. He was prodigal of kind wishes, good counsels, and benevolent attentions. Courtesy to travellers, how sacredly beautiful it is!

Another sunbeam came to me last evening in the form of a little brown-skinned, white-haired, soft-eyed girl, in a dark hood, who followed her tall mother into the cabin, and sought refuge with her in a berth near mine. They were steerage passengers who had missed their bedding, and in pity for the mother's excessive sickness they were allowed to remain in the cabin. The little one, with her sweet loving prattle, seemed sent with just the moral help I needed for those miserable hours. Occasionally I heard her ask softly, "Ma, are you asleep?" — and then add, "Ma, if you will go to sleep, I will." This morning, — the blessed little image of patient suffering, — there she stood looking sorrowfully at her sick mother, and when I spoke to her, she shook her head, and with tears in her eyes silently turned away. Afterward, I saw her looking up earnestly into her mother's face, and with half-suppressed sobs, asking — "Mother, *won't* you *die*?" It was poetry and beauty to me, though in homely garb, and I blessed the gentle darling with a truly grateful heart. She had no breakfast, poor child, but there was no complaint; all her sorrows were expressed by a few silent tears.

Here, it is starry, quiet and home-like. Children are romping through the entries; the piano playing below; while H. and I sit in quiet contemplation above.

I rode near the lake this afternoon with our new friend Mr. B. There it was, dressed out in beauty for spectators — blue robe, and sunset jewelry. Only this morning, how truly unamiable and unbecoming its appearance! — Well, I will not be uncharitable in judgment, but for all the beautiful appareling it can wear, I don't think I shall ever be in love with Lake Erie.

SEPT. 29. — Safe at A——, our journey's end — and here I am at the little New York work-table. The old clock, the busy flies, and Lizzie's long sigh over her lonely drawing lesson, the only sounds around us. Our western mother, (for she is in every place the same,) has walked out with H., and G. is quietly enduring his fever fit upon the sofa. Just the time to be with you awhile, and gossip a little over yesterday's journey and our reception here. We left Cleveland in the morning in an old family looking stage-coach, which "took its time," up steep hills and down rugged passes, and its liberty, too, in true western fashion, giving us severe exercise whenever it chose, and turning us out to walk, whenever its own convenience suited. In justice, however, I think that was but once, and that was quite an entertainment, rowed as we were by two boys, over a pretty little river in a flat oblong box. Our fellow passengers were very agreeable. One young lady read Mrs. Child's Letters with me, while her mother tended the baby, and the father joked merrily with a rosy-cheeked country girl, upon heart-aches and husbands, all of which she bore with perfect nonchalance. Various conversational topics of mutual interest beguiled the way, and we parted from the family group and others at C. F. with cordial regret. With but two companions, who talked of "hogs and market prices," we were quite alone for the remainder of the way.

Before sunset, we were welcomed into our humble winter home, which, asking pardon from its inmates, is very much like the old farmhouse in N. H.; but the welcome which greeted us at its door* was enough to sanctify it,—smiles from little L. and tears from G., and from their mother that self-subdued, serene, yet fervent expression of grateful joy, which you all know so well. It was a holy greeting; though not conveyed in words, the deep *religious* gladness of her heart might easily be seen. I never felt her goodness so deeply before. Do you remember Mr. B.'s remark, "She has the kingdom of heaven within her"?

SUNDAY AF'N., OCT. 1. — At my own beloved little writing-desk once more. How beautiful its memories are to me! I

* Notwithstanding poor Motherwell's "grand farewell to happiness!

and "solemn knell to Love's caress!"

had a peculiar feeling about unlocking it here for the first time — something like dread. But within it seems a spiritual dwelling-place — a fraction of home, so pleasantly furnished, that I shall long too much and too often for a visit thereto. I am to be *practical* now you know. We went to church this morning and heard a stranger who pleased B——, but for me it would be more pleasant to sit in the stocks than to listen at church with ears and intellect alone. The hymns, however, were dear and appropriate to me.

“Safely through another week,”

and

“Whilst Thee we seek, Protecting Power.”

The principal design of the sermon appeared to be a denunciation of the doctrine of Innate Total Depravity.

This afternoon I am in the mood for writing, much more, I fear, than Father Time will be willing to allow. The Sunday hours always go so quickly! I have scarcely seen A—— with a sunbeam upon it yet, but its situation is pleasant — the view from here delightful. Oh, for a clear October sky, to color all things with its hue of heavenly love! We have talked fast within doors — Lizzie and all. The mother, *our* mother, confesses to some joyful excitement, and feels as if she were no longer in Ohio! My room, shared with Lizzie, is the ‘ten foot square’ so earnestly proffered to Mr. F——, and here I write; so now for the gaps in our journey. I left the beauties of the Mohawk all untold, much as I longed to be a poet that I might sing its praises. For many miles it glided like a loving spirit along our way, sometimes on the right, then again on the left, and always bright with sunny beauty. I never saw such foliage as that upon its margin. It had a spiritual expression, and I grew too happy to watch it with prosaic eyes. Some of the little trees and shrubs were, to my mind, eager, gladsome children rushing to a mother’s embrace. Others, of more dignified aspect, seemed like people pressing reverently forward, to gaze upon some object of greatness and glory. Some were bending the knee in adoration before the water spirit, while others, of stately and majestic mien, stood as noble warriors, protecting guardians of its queenly beauty. The spirit of the Mohawk, — would that it might come to me in dark hours, as

it came on that happy day, a bright fountain of refreshment — the still waters which can restore the soul.

Next came the canal boat, and our one day's experience was enough of that. The pleasant country views were continually broken in upon by "high bridge and low bridge," and after one of the men had been severely wounded, almost crushed by one of them, I could not shake off the anxiety they awakened. The locks were tedious — the sun hot — wind cold, cabin desolate, and a steamboat night on Lake Ontario in prospect. So I wiled away the hours, in innocent study of a Scotch family, who appeared to be travelling westward for a home. The jolly, self-reliant young husband, and his timid, confiding wife, were thrown into strong light by the aged but watchful mother. She was all tenderness and anxiety for her children, and wonderfully cheerful and active in mind though so feeble in body. A beautiful picture they formed for eye and heart, in their devotion to one another. I felt privileged to study them; they would not have objected to furnish me with so cheering and pleasant a lesson, I know. But they were missing on board the steamboat, and their place was supplied to my seeking eye by a placid young novel reader, named Geneva. I overheard a traveller in the cars denouncing Lake Ontario, but it smiled kindly experiences upon us. The sunset, which H. wrote you of, was truly glorious, over the bright blue water, and we spent the mild star-light evening, in pleasant talk, promenading the deck. We took the Lewiston cars for Niagara at ten in the morning, joined by Geneva and her mother, both of whom interested me much. Many of our transient fellow-travellers have fascinated us both — fit subjects for fiction, we thought; or, in better harmony with H.'s taste, for truth to nature. Had we only Zschockke's wondrous power of reading hidden life in such, what a journal we might have written?

Niagara you have already had and the remainder of our journey; so now, I will note impressions of our transient homes along the way. Of the Boston home, what can I say, which you do not all fully know? The happy bride and bridegroom, who hastened thither to dine with us, — the kind, gentle mother, — fatherly, brotherly, sisterly kindness in rich store — sunny gayety, and *delicious fruits*, all form together

a band of gladdening memories to gild our future path. That fruit, I know not why, seemed to be sent more directly from the all-bestowing Father's hand than any I ever tasted. Then the Springfield home, (Warriner's,) which I have already mentioned, — the exquisite neatness, beauty, and courtesy of which put my good behaviour seriously at loss. That atmosphere of tranquillity and repose, I breathe in memory still. The ruling spirit there, must be most generous and full of love, to inspire travellers with such grateful remembrances of the place and its owner, ministering alike to soul and body.

That one glimpse of Mr. Peabody's home and the saintliness which pervaded it, I cannot omit. It was like a glimpse of heaven, for which to bless God all our lives. A new joy, and new strength had entered our heart on that visit, which shall not pass away.

At Albany, in the Delavan House, we found peace, kindness and comfort, — at the Syracuse House, a slight homesickness, but very pleasant regimen therefor; the Cataract House at Niagara, exquisite in every way, the spirit of health and beauty pervading all. The Clifton House, on the Canada side, we found unfortunately in *dishabille*, scarcely any company remaining; &c. &c., on to our humble home at A —, whose presiding genius bears sway over all hearts, a magical love-power, which must make this new resting place homelike and happy, for how long?

OCT. 6.—Elevated for one day to the office of housekeeper, you must excuse all incongruities of word or thought. We are about to move into a new house, which is in many respects quite an improvement upon this, — so you must imagine all concerned deeply involved in business. No one can be idle, but "even servile labors shine," illuminated by the happy impulse which keeps our tongues ever on the move. H. has left us, to try the renovating effect of surveying at R. It seems an age since he left. I saw him so much in my sunset walks; indeed at all times. This is a beautiful situation for a town, but somewhat marred by the reckless haste to grow rich, or some other recklessness in its projectors. The love of the beautiful both in nature and art seems completely lost in the love of, or the necessity for, gain. It is all hill and dale, adorned with the most luxuriant foliage, which yet wears all

the greenness of summer. The clear October days, and moonlit evenings, and one gorgeous sunrise I have enjoyed exceedingly. Last evening the view of the town from our window was charming. It seemed to be sleeping so peacefully down there in the moonlight, with its little thousand of twinkling lamps, to brighten the windows, and glimmer along the streets. We shall miss the quiet airy situation in the city home, as we call it, and regret on many accounts that we must leave it. But when once settled there, how rapidly the winter weeks will fly past us! You cannot think what full delight of bliss I feel, in thinking of the past summer, of home and all its wealth of love, of my journey too; I now first begin truly to enjoy that. There is a gentle, twilight kind of happiness connected with it, food for dreamy hours, for a whole life-time to come. The petty, troublous experiences, even that dismal Lake trip,—this same sweet twilight is beaming over all. Would that my whole past were thus illuminated! Niagara will yet be to me a lesson of strength, and of peace and joy too, I trust. If we go there on our return, may it be with new eyes and a more healthful mind. I have already gained; and the winter is all before me, for new acquirements. There comes a blessed strength from those loving, motherly eyes, with their good-night benediction and their morning kiss.

"I experience a pleasure," said the accomplished daughter of Baron Cuvier, "in reading the Bible, which I have never felt before; it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree, and I seek sincerely there, and only there, *the truth*. When I compare the calm and the peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy or happiness, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world."

THE TRINITY ; A DOCTRINE OF ATHANASIUS, AND NOT OF THE APOSTLES.

A SERMON, BY REV. RUFUS HENRY BACON.

1 CORINTHIANS viii. 4—6. There is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many and lords many;) unto us there is but one God, the Father; of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ; by whom are all things, and we by him.

To every candid man, who reads the Bible in the strength of his own intellect, — examining for himself earnestly, yet calmly, — neither adopting a one-sided and hasty view as final truth, — nor driven by timid self-distrust to fall back on time-worn creeds for safety; — neither seeking for miserable notoriety by appearing to stand with an eccentric few, — nor herding, for popularity's sake, with the advocates of a prevailing dogma; nor cowering like a slave before the sentiments and opinions of the hoary and venerable Past, which in its colossal and stern grandeur overawes the multitude; but with fearless hand and bold turning the pages of the Holy Volume to search out and gather the eternal truths which it contains; to every such man, the passage which our text embodies must seem conclusive of the strict UNITY OF GOD.

In that clear, precise and cogent method, for which Paul is so pre-eminently remarkable, he here lays down the groundwork of his faith; and defines between the Father and the Son with such exactness, that, in the original, there does not remain even the passing shadow of a doubt.

He is writing to the Christian Church at Corinth; converts, in part, from the Grecian religion, which was a worship of the whole circle of the gods of the Pantheon. The Greeks had a multitude of teachers, — learned men and philosophers, who were designated among their disciples by the term *Kurios*, signifying Master, Leader, "Lord," — or, as in Hebrew, "Rabbi." It is "*Kurios*" which is translated "Lord" in the text. A term of respect and honor; and nothing more.

The church had written Paul for his decision upon a disputed point; which was, Whether Christians could with propriety sit down to the free public feasts, prepared, on festival days, in the temples of the gods?

With logical and discriminating clearness he writes back in answer, that, as meat was meat, and good for food, having undergone no mysterious change while on the coals of the altar, — and as eating it in the wide vestibule was not considered an act of worship, either by priests or people, — the Christian had a perfect right to eat of it there, or not, as he should choose: — adding, however, that if any weak brother should take offence, it had better be omitted; for the sake of pacifying the conscientious scruples of those who could not take the wide and liberal views of common sense.

Now, although he shows to them so clearly the grounds on which his decision rested, — and the full reasons why eating meat in the idols' temples was a matter of indifference, — yet, lest, after all, some obtuse and weak ones should misunderstand him, and think he meant to say *idolatry* was also a matter of indifference, he tells them plainly and forcibly, by allusion to the Grecian gods, and modes of expression in the philosophic schools, what the Christian religion was. There are among you Greeks many gods; and many teachers of morals and philosophy: but to us, he says, "there is but *ONE* GOD — the Father"; and but *one* "*Kurios*," teacher, master, Rabbi, leader, "lord," — even Jesus Christ.

I regard this passage as the key to the two letters to the church at Corinth; in fine to all the other letters of the apostle Paul. It unlocks all that is hidden, and lifts the veil from all that is obscure. It renders his belief in the unity of God perfectly evident and plain.

Now Paul is the author of all that portion of the New Testament which may be termed argumentative and doctrinal. His letters to the church at Rome; to that of Corinth; to that in Galatia; at Ephesus, Philippi, Colosse, and Thessalonica; to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon; and that to the churches of Palestine, make up more than one third of the whole New Testament. The book of Acts is little more than a record of his travels and preaching; and was written under his own eye by St. Luke the apostle. Now as these two men acted

in concert, and knew each other's thoughts and faith intimately and thoroughly, this passage is not only the key to Paul's own writings, but to the book of Acts, and the Gospel of Luke also ; since they could not have acted in concert if one had believed the other, in holding to the doctrine of God's unity, did violence to the teachings of their common Lord and Master. Then we have left only the three Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John, — two letters of Peter, — one of Jude, — letters all short, and containing not discussions of doctrine, but of practice only : — three of John — and the Apocalypse, also attributed to him. Now the first and last chapters of the Apocalypse settle forever the question of its author's belief, and prove that he held strictly to the unity. His letters not being doctrinal do not contradict the Apocalypse : and thus we have among his writings only the Gospel which bears his name standing in our way. But this is admitted, on all hands, to be enigmatical in its introduction concerning the *Logos* ; on which ship-loads of books have been written without clearing it up satisfactorily. So if this be obscure, and we have his express witness for the unity in the Apocalypse, we are bound to construe his Gospel on the side of that express statement.

Thus we have left, unconsidered, only two books of the New Testament — Matthew and Mark, — which contain nothing, even obscurely, casting a dubious shade : and if there be obscurity, it follows that we must interpret on the side of the unity of God ; since, like the others, they were the intimate disciples of the great Teacher, whose own words, express, emphatic, and to the point, show that he derived all his truth and power from the one only and living Father.

All this a fair and liberal, unprejudiced and fearless, calm and truth-loving study of the New Testament will more than substantiate, and prove beyond a cavil.

But it may be said that this is the self-confident, boastful spirit of ultra-Unitarianism : in no wise founded in the truth. It is, however, founded in the truth : and fearless, independent minds are finding it to be so every day. Besides, it is not the way of Unitarians to assert what they cannot prove. By such a course they have nothing to gain, and everything to lose. They have too good a name with the enlightened and liberal-minded men, real scholars and thinkers, in all denominations

and professions, to yield it up all soiled, stained and tarnished for the petty victory of an hour.

Our struggle is not against men, but with error. We raise the watch-cry of "*Liberty*," and put on the armor of conflict, not for our church and sect, but for the *truth*, and for the *world*. "*GOD AND THE RIGHT*," is the motto emblazoned on our rallying banner:—and if Heaven prosper our endeavor, we will beat down and undermine the very foundations of errors time-worn and ivy-grown, till they sink into one mass of unshapely ruin together. And there, where they fall, we will rebuild the temple of truth and true religion, and fling wide its golden doors that all the world may come within and worship the one only and eternal God, the living Father.

We find at the present day two large and powerful branches of the Christian Church,—the English and the Roman,—which hold as essential to communion in this life and happiness in the next, an unquestioning belief in the Nicene or Athanasian creed:—a creed which, in substance, asserts that there are *three* Gods, instead of *one*; all conjoined in one, and acting as one Being,—God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit. Other Churches, besides these two, hold to the same creed, so far as the Trinity is concerned, modified however in some of its unessential particulars.

The Christian Baptist Church, on the contrary,—a section of the Quaker Church;—the Reformed Methodist, or Christian Church of England;—the Socinian Church of Transylvania;—the Unitarian Church of Great Britain and America;—and Ronge's new Church in Germany,—now stand in opposition to this creed, and adhere to the ancient doctrine of the Unity; holding that the Bible is the only creed to which a thinking, liberal, and independent man ought in conscience to subscribe.

For this opposition, this liberal stand on the broad platform of the Bible, they are branded by the other sections of the Church as the enemies of Christ and Christianity. Yet all portions of the Church, in the moment of calm reflection, will admit, with the Trinitarian Neander when speaking in his History of Gregory Nazianzen, that "*The essence of Christianity does not consist in speculative notions, but in the life.*" Then why, in the name of all that is good and peaceable and

holy and honest, not cease this internecine warfare ; and accord, quietly and cordially, to those who manifest every Christian virtue, also the Christian name and fellowship ; although they differ in some minor, speculative points of faith and doctrine ?

When Christ had been dead and returned to life and heaven, two hundred and ninety-three years, and the apostles and early martyrs were in their unremembered graves, a Council, convened at Nicea in Bythinia, and composed of only three hundred and eighteen bishops, seeks to force upon the whole Church of Europe, Asia, and North-Africa, a creed which asserts that Christ is "God of God ; Light of Light ; very God of very God." Its author was Athanasius.

Athanasius was no ordinary man. His talents and energy entitle him to our respect. But on that account shall we adopt his peculiar notions in religion, and fasten our whole faith upon *his* conclusions ? Shall we rest satisfied with the doctrines of one, single, uninspired man, and read the Scriptures through his eye, and not with our own, and thus violate the implied command of Jesus, who said, "*One is your master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren*" ?

That Council, even, composed of so few representatives of all the Church, — composed, too, for the most part, of bishops who were nearest and most convenient to the place of assembly, and many of them personally known to Athanasius, and on that account more readily disposed to agree with his doctrines and bow to his commanding energy, — the majority of that Council, even, refused to accept his creed, until threatened with deposition from office by the Emperor Constantine, who was present throughout the tumultuous session. When at last it was carried by a majority vote, and was subscribed to, it was still not accepted in reality ; for many like the president of the Council, Eusebius the historian, signed it under protest. He said, in substance, that he signed it with the proviso, that he should hold himself ready to construe it as he understood it. Eusebius was a man to whom with justice could be applied the terms he himself applied to another : "There was not one thing on his tongue and another in his heart : " and *he* says of Christ — "He was the *first-born* son of the *un-born Father*."

Such, in brief, is the history of the adoption of the Athanasian creed, — by a synod composed of church teachers many of whom went and came away dressed in mail and attended by armed followers; sitting in council with their swords and plumed helmets on the tables before them! Are these to stand to us in place of the peaceful Jesus and the unpretending fishermen of the lake of Galilee? And are we, with the printed Scriptures in our hands, in a day of wide and generous learning, to receive, as final, the crude theories of a time, early to be sure, when none but the rich could afford to pay the enormous price which, alone, could purchase a single manuscript of the Bible?

None but the close and laborious student of history, — to whom the men and events of two hundred, or two thousand, years ago, are as vivid as those of yesterday, can fully see how deficient was the fourth century in all those characteristics which endear any age to the memory of mankind. Nominally civilized and Christian, it was in reality barbaric, and unsoftened by the mild spirit of the cross. And yet there are those who seek to bind us to its beliefs, however unscriptural they may appear. Surely this is after the way which called forth that biting sarcasm from the lips of Christ — “The blind, *leaders of the blind!*”

My objection to the Athanasian confession of faith is, that it is contrary to the express teachings of the New Testament. I do not object to it as a creed, — but that being a creed, it is a dead one! Dead — because it asserts too much, and cannot be believed with the understanding. Dead — because it cannot be believed side by side with Scripture. Dead — because when believed at all, it becomes a substitute for investigation, and leaves the mind ignorant of Christ's doctrine, save as interpreted through the belief of another, and not independently and of one's own examination. Dead — because thinking men of all denominations begin to see that it is far better to fall back on the goodness of the life, than on the sharpness and clearness of abstruse speculation: — on the Bible with its simple truths adapted so beautifully to human needs, than on the subtlest theory of any man, however wise, devout or energetic in the cause of sect and party.

We may sometimes speak too loosely when alluding to

creeds and ceremonies. It is not to creeds that we object, but to the use that is made of them. The term 'creed' comes from the Latin *credo*—"I BELIEVE." All men have their beliefs. I have mine, and the Unitarian Church at large has its beliefs. I believe, and my church believes, in one God, the Father; in one Lord, Jesus Christ; and in one spirit of holiness and purity and kindness which he imparted to his disciples and they to the world. Farther than this our belief is left open; open as the blue dome of the bending sky; free as the buoyant air of heaven!

Up to the Council of Nice, the Church had rested satisfied with that simple confession, which then, as now, bore the name of the "Apostles' creed." There was but little doubt that it was drawn up by them, or by their immediate successors under their sanction. The necessity of such a written confession is apparent when we recollect that only the teachers of the Church and a very few others were conversant with the Scriptures, — which although read in the Church every Sabbath, were, from the costliness and scarcity of manuscripts, entirely beyond the reach of the great body of the people. So this creed was written down, so short and terse that a copy could be in the hands of all, and imprinted on the memory of every child; and this with the public and Lord's Day reading of the Bible partially made up the general need. This creed is found in the missals of the Church of Rome and England, but their communicants are not left free to hold to it alone. They are obliged to interpret it by the creed of Athanasius, or be driven from the church. Such hold have the opinions of one powerful and able man, over the minds of hundreds of thousands, fourteen hundred years after he has gone to his eternal rest.

Athanasius, and Arius, the Unitarian, stand out as the representatives of the two great lines of thought which vibrated through the Church of the fourth century. The one an ambitious, stern, determined and relentless man; fixing on the new theories which were developed in the disputes which raged in the previous century; and having crystallized them about the true creed of the apostles, forced them, by an Emperor's act, on the notice, and down the throats of his contemporaries. The other not a whit behind him in energy

and zeal; yet calm in the statement of his views, and liberal in their enforcement; a man, who in the midst of trial, and through all vicissitudes, never lost the Christlike spirit; the defender of the ancient and true faith, which "vain philosophy" and the uninspired "imaginings of men's minds" at last undermined and overthrew;—Arius stands a shining contrast to his victorious antagonist.

I shall not pause to follow Athanasius in his inflexible ambition, from the humble station of a deacon, up to the episcopal chair of Alexandria, the wealthiest and most learned Christian city of the times. Neither shall I trace him, when deposed and imprisoned by the Emperor his former friend, on the charge of treason and murder; finally, at the death of Constantine, reinstated, after an absence of many years, over a people, who admiring his talents and bending submissively to his will, would not believe him guilty. Such biographical allusion would be too extended for any one discourse, unless it were wholly given to an outline of the incidents of his life; than which there is not, perhaps, a more interesting personal experience in the whole line of the great men of ecclesiastical history.

I have accomplished my desire, if I have only succeeded in laying clearly and truthfully before you, however imperfectly and briefly, a view of the solid grounds on which are based the Unitarian objections to the Athanasian creed;—grounds which will remain solid and firm so long as the New Testament endures.

In conclusion let us touch upon one other line of thought, and our cheerful labor is ended.

We all believe that *Inspiration is the only source of religious truth*. We all believe that God speaks to us through his prophets and apostles. We all believe that whatever they speak to us is true; wholly and unqualifiedly true. We all believe that a truth from God, once spoken, never changes; but is eternal as Himself. We all believe that to one nation, and one nation only, the descendants of Abraham, God has spoken in this mysterious way. The Hebrew prophets, then, before Christ, stood alone as the medium of God's teaching to the world. We all believe that God added Christ to their number, and taught the world through him also. We all

believe that direct religious inspiration ceased, when Christ and the Apostles ceased from the earth : and that, therefore, no man since them has been constituted a divine teacher of the world. Athanasius, then, can have no divine claim upon our regard.

But farther :—If the ancient prophets and Christ after them, spoke the truth from God their truth must agree. But the ancient prophets declare that God is *ONE*. Therefore Christ must declare the same, if he speak at all of the nature of God. And he does so declare ! He attributes all his truth and all his power to the *one only* and living Father. “Of *mine own self* I can do nothing.” His apostles instructed and sent out by him to teach the world the truth, also combine to repeat in various forms the language of the text — “There is none other God but *one*. For though there be that are *called* gods, whether in heaven or in earth,—as there are gods many and lords many,—yet unto us there is but *one* God,—the Father ; of whom are all things, and we *in* him :—and one lord, Jesus Christ ;—*by* whom are all things, and *we* by him.”

Thus does the ocean of truth, in an unbroken tide, bear us on toward the heavenly shores, whose mountains dimly rise in the far-off line of the soul’s horizon. We, as Christians, are not all united now ; but the time is at hand, when, like the moon which, all darkened by eclipsing shadows, gradually assumes her former brightness, the Church, which is now under the shadow of great errors, will, as those shadows silently move off, come at last to reflect the full glory that of old beamed on her from “the sun of Righteousness.”

“How holy stands before every Christian soul the image of the meekness of the Redeemer ! How many waves, raised mountain high by the stream of passion in human hearts, has it stilled ! how many arms raised in wrath have dropped at the sight of it ! If any one virtue is universally expected of a disciple of the Lord it is meekness. It passes current, just as humility and love, very properly as a *Christian* virtue. Indeed the noble twin-sisters of humility and meekness are but two buds of one stalk—*love*.”

"A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE."

BY MRS. C. W. HEALEY DALL.

"Sallow complexioned! and if hearts can wear that colour, his heart was sallow complexioned also."—CHARLES LAMB.

A SENSITIVE sadness veiled my childish spirit. I was so little attractive that I was left more than ordinarily independent, and while no one busied himself about me, my quiet thoughts were busy with every body. Not far from my home, but in a close and winding street, half-covered with creepers, and set out with old-fashioned beds of "Job's tears," was the dwelling of a child, a little older, but far more beautiful than myself. It might have been a happy home, for a rich nature waited to be developed in the heart of the little one; but, alas! the mother slaved herself, as shallow natures will, to procure fine garments for her tiny frame; and the father sometimes abused her in his maudlin fits of intemperance, or misled her by a libertine example. I have stolen round the corner often, at sunset of a Sabbath eve, to watch that fair face bending over a Bible on the window-sill. How fitting a frame for the graceful figure, crowned with its heavy mass of curls, too red for perfect beauty, was the mass of crimson cloud, that seemed to kindle it with a living fire! Of a sudden, the exterior of the little hut improved. The father, who was a wood sawyer, went more regularly to his daily business; the mother took more pride in household tidiness, and the daughter, often missed now, by my seeking eye, at the late Sabbath eve, went regularly every day to a distant dwelling, to receive music lessons from a gentleman who, attracted by her rare loveliness, had found her home, and made her one of his Sabbath school pupils. It was his influence that had introduced the refinements of life into this little dwelling, and brightened the whole family aspect. I heard his name. It was one high in church and state, and well known for public beneficence. His was a nature that sought approbation, and it seemed ungrateful to quarrel with it, while it wrought only for a legitimate result. But there are instincts in a woman's

nature, when that has been disciplined by trial and brought into rigid subjection to principle, which she may trust as implicitly as she would the word of God. I met him once, leading his pupil by the hand, and lifted to his a clear childish gaze, which something within him told him to avoid; and from that hour, we understood each other well. I knew that, spite of standing and market-place renown, and wealth in plenty, the man was a hypocrite pondering all the while some evil purpose; he, also, saw that, young as I was, I was a stern moralist, and might transfix him some day by some omnipotent and penetrating truth. Time wore on. The girl shot into promising womanhood, retaining a rare simplicity which the costly gifts of her new teacher did not alienate. She was still dependent on herself, and a young lawyer and his wife, won by the grace of her character, and charmed by the brilliant tones of her voice, gave her, at times, a home in their family as a seamstress. It was a beautiful sight, to one who knew not the bitter truth, to watch the unfolding of her womanhood in her face, it was so rich, so radiant in its promise.

I felt it to be one of my greatest pleasures, during several months; and I was only roused from my reverie one morning by the weeping wife of the young lawyer, who had passed the night at the bedside of her protege, and had received from the unconscious but raving mother, an infant girl. Whose name, think you, rung in fearful shrieks of agony, upon the otherwise silent air of that sad night? None other than that of her Sabbath school teacher. He was no longer young; no momentary enthusiasm had overcome his deep-laid scruples. He was thoroughly bred. He had not been enticed to sin by its fair seeming, without a full understanding that it was the apple of Sodom he held to his lips. He had not the excuse so often offered, of opposing relatives, of conflicting claims of duty to prevent his making her openly his wife. He was wealthy and alone, save that a widowed mother was sustained by his bounty. Only his sinful pride of birth came between him, and the loving, gentle wife he might have called his own. From the first he had deceived her, nourishing his fell purpose in his heart, feeding it with reverie from day to day, and moulding the pliant, unsuspecting nature of the child, like wax, to his wishes.

During those painful hours which my young friend had passed at Mary's bedside, her misguided husband had followed the wretched seducer to the shelter of an obscure packet ship, in which he had sought a refuge from the public eye, and employed at once entreaties and threats to induce him to become her husband, and to give her the shelter which she had every right to claim, of his name and family. In his bitter indignation he told him of the words of Christ, predicting an intenser retribution to him, who, not satisfied with the commission of evil, should teach others also to sin. He assailed him with every argument, and finally pleaded with him, as a father for his child. But it was all in vain. The wretched man cowered before him. "Take all that I have," he cried, "take it and welcome, but leave me my old untarnished name." The fool and blind! — As if the legal amends could tarnish a family escutcheon like the "bend sinister" with which his own sin had already crossed the shield! Who could help quoting to him the words of Channing, terse and vigorous as an ancient proverb — "The wise man seeketh to shine in himself; the fool to outshine others." Of "shining in himself" he had no notion. He only knew that he was good as he caught the echo of the world's approbation. My friend accepted a generous settlement for the poor girl, and left the already departing vessel only with the pilot.

His wife remembered how tenderly, if distantly, I had watched poor Mary's character, and with the early morning they came to me for sympathy. For a moment the hot tears prevailed; for a moment, in my young haste, I reproached Jehovah, that he had permitted such a blight to fall upon so fresh and fine a nature. I knew not then, as I know now, that the end of life is spiritual progress; that for many natures this seems impossible except as a consequence of flagrant sin, which, opening the mental vision, shocks the whole being into a susceptibility to God's influence. My bitter grief once over, I angered my misguided friend not a little by rejoicing openly in the failure of his mission to the packet. "What," he exclaimed, "is it not his duty to marry her? Can it be possible that you do not despise him still more for his unmanly rejection of her?" "It may be true," I answered, "that he owes her all this and more; but in pressing this consideration so far, it

seems to me that you argue, with the narrow wisdom of this world. Let the coal from the altar of Jehovah once kindle your heart, and you will not see, in this marriage, her highest good. Have we not read, that a happy union is possible only among the sons and daughters of the Almighty ; that it is an irresistible law, a divine ordinance, that the soul shall assimilate in value to whatever it loves, that it grows in its likeness, whether it be for better or for worse ; and would you set before her such an example as his ? Would you defile her spirit by a closer contact with his ? Would you give him fresh opportunity to reveal to her his moral hideousness ? No, my friend, let us thank God, that cannot be. I am not anxious to save poor Mary's reputation in the eyes of the world, — rather, her soul in the sight of God. Let us help her to our utmost to repent of her sin. It is true that I pity her, that I think her almost an angel of light, when I remember him ; but something within me says that she has sinned ; that she had no right to substitute his voice for that of conscience ; that if she had been willing to open her eyes on the light she had, she might have saved herself even at the last hour. Let her, then, bear the consequences of her sin, the loss of reputation, the altered faces of her friends, the various social trials that must come. God will see that they are not too heavy. Let us see that she want not proper sustaining influences. There is a great nature in her. Perhaps it is only through her sin that it could be developed and taught to strive for heaven. Let her go away to some far country town, to a spot where temptation will not be too strong. Let her attempt no concealment, let her bear her maiden name as openly as her infant in her arms. There may yet be a serene life in store for her." "And you would tell her this ? you ?" he asked, "with that face of stone, and heart of ice ?" "A face of stone," I answered, "only because I fear to feel for her more than for virtue. A heart calm and yet tender, because I would be not only a loving nurse, but a stern teacher. Would you marry your own sister to him ? Nay, why do you start ? Is not she also your sister, this poor misguided one ? Let us not tell her these things arrogantly ; let us confess ourselves sinners and assure her that we consider the first fruit of repentance a willingness to bear the full consequence of our sin, if that be the will of

God. Let us require the same of her. I know her well. She will not disappoint us."

Somewhat reconciled, and yet half angry with me, he went away. My counsel prevailed, not, perhaps, because he had much confidence in it, but because no other way opened. The poor girl had no other friends, and I insisted that no more should be said about her marriage. She was long in recovering from her fearful sickness, but when she did it was evident that a passionate affection for her betrayer still lingered in her heart. She still believed that he would come back, and marry her of his own accord; and when she learned the name of the foreign city in which he had taken refuge, she gave it to her child. The most painful part of our duty was to uproot this attachment, and substitute for it an earnest love of God. Not that we had power to do this. God, in his own mercy, worked within her, and blessed our means. When she felt that she must prepare herself to teach her child the way of truth, she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that her little Seville must not tread in his father's footsteps. When the time came for her to go, I very much wished that she should have strength to reject the income provided for her, and trust to the honest labor of her hands for her support. But my two friends would not hear of this. "Mingle some mercy with your justice," they said. "She is too weak to labor; his money ought to support this child. If we allow her to feel herself poor, she will be ruined." I knew the power of that argument, and was unwilling to take the responsibility; so we sent her, well provided, to be the inmate of a hard-working family in a distant country village. Those to whom she went knew what she was, and how she had become so, and were admonished to respect her present firm intentions; but, as from time to time she saw her city friends, they grew somewhat injudicious in the counsel that they gave. They thought she drooped,—how could she do otherwise while the necessary change was going on? They felt that she had been very much wronged, and it was far harder for them than for me to remember *her own sin*. They tried to raise her self-respect. They saw her faithful to her maternal duties, and they bade her take heart, for she was quite as good as those about her. These things, repeated in her simpleness

to those nearest, angered the virtuous but narrow-minded village girls, and prejudiced them for a long time against her. God's work went on however. Mayhap her loneliness helped it.

After a time, an epidemic fever raged in the village. All but the nearest kindred shrank from the infected, and when these were exhausted Mary took their place. From the bedside of the rich, to the bedside of the poor, she went like a ministering spirit. She was not always received with kindness, but she heeded no hard words, for they were only words of truth. "I can surely bear what I truly deserve," she whispered to herself, and went about still. With a cordial in her hand, with an unaccustomed meekness in the bend of her beautiful head, seeking and receiving no compensation for her laborious services, she went. The whole village came to look upon her as a saint. They could hardly believe it was she who had saved them, and the usual reaction took place. They petted her child, and it seemed as if they could not do enough to atone for their former neglect. To her credit be it spoken, she did not presume upon her popularity. Her reserved manner, returning with the health of her patients, reminded them significantly of the past. To my great delight, she had at last relinquished the stipend she received from her betrayer. Her strength had returned, and she refused, at once, to receive any longer the letters which had kept the painful hope alive, that he would change, and she might be permitted to love him, — and the money which had supplied her daily bread. I heard of her from time to time, as useful, but hardly happy, serene but not yet grateful.

In the mean time, the current of my life had changed. Amid more trying scenes, amid the pressure of its heavy responsibilities upon myself, and the new cases of suffering which every year brought with it, I had almost forgotten my early interest in her. It chanced, a few months since, that in the course of a summer's wanderings in search of health, I was detained over a Sabbath in a distant country town. My heart was full of an absent child, and the sound of its name, as we drove up before the public house, awakened no remembrance, — only a regret that we were still so far from home. The next morning, while worshipping in the tiny Unitarian church, from

amid the chorus of rough voices, and rougher instruments which constituted the village choir, I caught the notes of a voice, rich, mellow, powerful and in perfect tune, operating upon the discordant materials around it, like a sweet temper on an irritated household, gradually uniting them all in perfect concord with itself. Indecorous, I fear it was, but I turned about, in the middle of the hymn, and found it proceeded from one whose matured but serene and expressive countenance would hardly have reminded me of Mary, but for the miniature of her ancient self, presented in the chubby face and flame-like curls, of the young Seville at her side. "Can it be she?" I murmured almost audibly, for I could not imagine a more exquisite expression of sweetness than lingered at that moment round her still beautiful mouth. A trace of anxious thought about the brow was the only relic which her hours of sin and shame seemed to have left. It was not really so, for the whole development of her spiritual nature had in truth proceeded from the great need of self-scrutiny which they involved. I sought her out. To my surprise, I found her married. I give you her simple history in her own words. "After the sickness, learning for the first time to depend upon myself, I found life hard and cold. Next to God, I leaned most upon you. Occasionally your words came to me like prophecies. Mr. and Mrs. ——" (naming the young lawyer and his wife,) "spoke far more gently, — but your words were true. They did not flatter me. I felt that you loved me too truly to do that. I knew I could rely upon your telling me the worst. In your last letter, you had said that when I began 'unreservedly to serve God,' I should know it, for a sweet peace would infallibly follow, which never could be mine while I had any longings or repinings that were not wholly righteous. I wrote off these words and laid them in my Bible. For months I struggled on, but profitably, and I came to realize the peace of which you spoke. One of my patients was longer recovering than the rest. He was a man of an irritable and imperious temper; and had also a mother, sick, in body and in mind. They were both very poor. I knew his good traits very well. I respected him, for under great disadvantages he had kept himself pure. Several times already he had

offered himself to me, and I had rejected him, for I almost loathed the thought of marriage, and I had no special love for him. Watching over him in sickness, tenderer feelings were born. He offered himself again. I knew that I should have to work very hard as his wife, that I should perhaps be still less respected in the town; but I knew that if I did not marry him, he must lead a lonely life. I knew that I had it in my power to make him as happy as he could become. I remembered that you told me to be sure and expiate the sin of my youth by a disinterested life, which should make God and man forget it. I knew, too, that you had said, I must necessarily look only to a private sphere of action; that I must be sure to work nobly in that. I felt that God now opened this sphere to me. If I could but make a now miserable family happy, by constant self-sacrifice, I might perhaps atone for having driven my father to a drunkard's grave, and clouded the last years of my mother with shame. What right had I to sigh for a better fate? I married him. I work harder, but am not thanked; I am constantly tried by his mother's bitter temper, but I have great influence over them both. Things are now in a better state. They live more like civilized beings. They have consented to hold family worship, and for me, the peace within increases; have I not done right?"

She asked the question anxiously. Whatever romantic hope I might have had that she would continue single, I saw that this practical self-sacrifice was a far better thing. I kissed her cheek, and reassured her. I left her, — thanking God that he had so blest her efforts at self-discipline, and I now relate her story to those who may be pondering similar cases, to point out the following truths.

That the end of life, and of marriage as the most perfect life, — is spiritual progress.

That this purpose of God should be kept uppermost in all the discipline we provide for our fellows.

That the world's redress is always summary, but not always God-like or effectual.

That it is not healthy for a sinner to dwell upon her wrongs, but to remember, rather, in how far she has wronged herself.

That to one just entering the way of life, the voice of the world must never for a moment take the place of that inward consciousness, which can alone sustain one in the right.

That Love and Truth are one, but this Truth is not of man's deciding. Only under God, and with frequent prayer, is the spirit made capable of judging another.

That the most untoward circumstances, even what the world calls "ruin of character," if properly encountered, may tend to increase faith and humility; may lead to a more intimate walk with God.

BUILDING THE MEETING-HOUSE.

THE long talked of affair of building a meeting-house was now settled. At the last parish meeting held to decide upon the subject, it was voted to sell the old house, divide the proceeds as the proprietors should severally wish, "either in cash accruing from the sale of the same, or to be taken in part payment toward the purchase of a pew in the new house." To the astonishment of many, the *cash* was more generally taken than the *prospective pew*. In truth this agitating question had weighed heavily on many minds;—sundry parish meetings had been held, but the non-attendance of many influential members had always made a "light vote," and sometimes the committee, feeling discouraged, resolved to abandon the project altogether. But the location of the old meeting-house was a bad one; families who once lived in its vicinity had exchanged residences; and the length of the way, and the heat or cold of the weather, always furnished an excuse to the pastor for every delinquent, non-attending member. It was disheartening to the preacher, and one day having sat in his study with the thermometer at 95° Fahrenheit, and his brain fevered by the rushing thoughts which swept through it and continued to crowd upon him far beyond the midnight hour,

he finished his sermon, and hoped that a goodly multitude might present themselves the following Sabbath morning to hear it;—it being currently reported that it would be an "occasional sermon." The morning dawned, clear and beautiful;—the bell tolled, the hour for service came, and although in a populous city, yet one hundred souls could not be numbered who repaired to hear it! The parish committee, as well as the parson, took the hint that the church would soon be entirely abandoned unless some new and decisive measures were taken to revive it. Accordingly one more meeting was called, and an affirmative vote decided that the church should be built.

And now came the question, What kind of a house shall we build? The richest man in the parish desired a draft of the plainest kind of edifice; the middle class thought in architecture it ought to be unsurpassed by any in this country; while yet another party contended for great simplicity, great economy, yet great beauty withal;—three requisites not at all harmonious with each other, as *they* defined their absolute meaning. The choir contended too for a peculiar situation, and all save the Pastor expressed some predilection in favor of a particular kind of pulpit. Of course it took a long time to settle these conflicting opinions; but finally a plan *was* accepted, and measures were taken to proceed forthwith to building. No very apparent interest seemed to pervade any *one* individual; if you spoke to them on the subject however, you would perceive there was a sensitiveness, and nearly every one shook his head with disapprobation. The most uniform remark however was this: "It will cost too much." A stray member would reply, "Oh, you are rich enough; give us a fine specimen of architecture;" but remember, he was not to be taxed for such an outlay.

At length the structure rose in fair and massive proportions. Bystanders would remain for hours on the opposite walk, gazing at the symmetrical skill so well calculated to delight the eye, while now and then a sneering critic would point to some excrescence and move on. Then came the interior finish,—the model of an ancient cathedral was chosen, and from cornerstone to capstone, no expense was spared to

render it commodious, tasteful, neat and elegant. At length it was finished, and as soon as opened for public worship was thronged by a multitude ; — shall I call them *worshippers* ? If so, what came they to worship ? There were few devout prayers I fear, but many curious and attentive gazers. The pews were proclaimed free for several successive Sabbaths, and the freedom was used. At length the day was appointed for the sale of the same, and strange to say, but comparatively few were sold ! Diligent search was made for Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C., and when found, “ Why, they had not much opinion of pew property ; the church had been built without consulting their taste at all ; at present they with their families resided just out of the city, and it would be unnecessary to do more than hire during the winter months. We wish you success, gentlemen, and highly respect our former Pastor, but believe there is nothing more we can do.”

But there stood that mute, gigantic church ! There too stood that gigantic debt for its erection ! There stood that Parish Committee who so unwisely concluded such an elegant structure was desired ! There too stood that faithful man of God, eloquently discoursing of truth and duty, indefatigable in persuasion, unsurpassed in fidelity ! But alas ! he stood before a promiscuous, non-paying people. The attendance of old members was quite irregular ; — that of *young people* more so still. He rebuked, encouraged, warned and besought them not thus to peril their souls. But how stood the matter ? Do you see that influential man seated at the head of yonder aisle ? He has a family of four grown sons and two daughters, — but they are never all at church, — often not one of them. How happens it ? Why the oldest comes in from college, and desires the day for his own pursuits. The next — he pleads a headache. The third ? He went to the library last evening, and took out a novel ; the fourth ? He has gone to ride with a boon companion. The father says but little on the subject, — he does not think much of church-going, and the children know it. He occasionally to be sure speaks of the degeneracy of the times, and tells what he did when young, but his children tell him of the progress of the age, and of old fashioned reverence, and he appears half persuaded they are

right. — Young ladies too often catch the same ideas, and do we wonder, *can* we wonder, that pews are not sold, and churches are not paid for?

You will perhaps tell me, I have described an unusual case, that parents generally attend church, that children are connected with Sabbath schools, and Bible classes, and greatly interested therein. Let us bless God there are such — that some churches are filled, and seats are with difficulty obtained; still we must not shut our eyes upon the irreverence and non-attendance of vast multitudes in our populous city. Just make an estimate of the number of our churches, of our population, of the average number who attend upon *any* service, and see how large a margin is to be filled with non-attendants. See how much fascination is required to induce the young to attend. Hear their excuses. They complain of the length of the service, of the dulness of sermons, of the monotony of prayers, of the want of taste in the selection of tunes; they break away by degrees, and finally never enter the sanctuary at all. Parental restraint is not always at hand; for many are far from home, living as clerks, unwatched over and uncared for — and it is to these more particular attention should be directed. Pardon me if I say that the practice of “going into the country” to spend the summer months, too often operates as a reason for not attending public worship. We are too apt to feel less necessity for church-going in our rambling life; — it breaks up our usual orderly habits, and its effects are sometimes traceable when we return.

If I have been diverging from the subject of *church-building*, it has only been to speak of the kindred necessity of *church-filling*. Let us revive our love for the sanctuary, and it scarcely matters how expensive the church, for it will always be paid for:—where the heart is in a matter, the hands always surmount the obstacles in the way. Still I would suggest the propriety of neat, economical churches rather than huge, unfilled bankrupt ones. A light tax will sometimes make a full house; whereas a heavy one will sometimes drive a rich man from the threshold.

H. S. E.

TO A PRAIRIE ROSE,

ON HEARING A COMPLAINT THAT IT IS SCENTLESS.

ALL things are not to each thing given,
Then why seek all from thee, bright Rose?
Enough for me thy clustering flowers.
Thy gay and glorious garlands fill
With joy and gladness all my thankful heart;
And full as quickly would I ask for fruit,
As ask for odor from thy flowery wreath.
As through the door I look on yonder grove
Of oaks majestic, bathed in noontide light, —
Their branches heaving like a boiling sea
Of foliage, forest ocean of July, —
Is not their beauty perfect? Not thy wreaths
Could add, gay Rose, a tittle to their grace.
Each thing is perfect, in a different way.
The mignonette asks not the tulip's show,
The phlox no odor from the violet.
The very weeds are, each one, perfect flowers.
The knotgrass with its emerald and pearl,
The sandwort showing noon its ruby cup,
The northern toad flax, in a bonnet blue,
The southern shining in a helm of gold,
These, and each common weed we tread upon,
Are perfect flowers, (weeds but when out of place,)
And need of beauty nothing more to seek;
Much less need thou, from any, odor ask.
So must we be content in men, bright Rose,
To find in each man his peculiar gifts.
We ask no eloquence to fall from lips
That know no eloquence, save sound good sense.
For this we give our hearty, whole-souled thanks;
Nor ask for sounding words where sense is sound.
Each man is perfect in his proper sphere,
If he but fill it after God's intent.
Ah! happy flowers, to know no will but His;
Ah! happier man who makes that will his own;
Filling his station with unconscious ease;
Giving like thee, dear Rose, to passers by,
All undesign'd, his gifts of worth un'old:
And unlike thee, himself heartfull of bliss.

T. H.

"MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

It might seem presumptuous in me, my dear friend, in my quiet and retired course of life, to attempt to relate any thing new or interesting to you ; but well knowing the deep interest you feel in every thing connected with the welfare or improvement of those around you, I trust that these few pages will be received with indulgence.

A few weeks since, during the hour usually devoted to my Sabbath school class, the subject of my lesson was the Parable of the Good Samaritan ; and in the conversation that followed, I endeavored to impress the children with the feeling that there were daily opportunities for each one of them to do some good, to exert some good influence ; that, at least, they could seek to make those around them happy, and thus, in some humble measure, imitate their divine Master.

On the next Sabbath, I was gratified to find that my remarks had been remembered by several, and before leaving the school, one of the children asked me if I would accompany her on Wednesday afternoon, to see a young friend, who for many months had been suffering from a most painful and acute disease, and who would be glad of any little aid or attention I could render.

I readily promised to grant the request, and at an early hour on Wednesday, my little friend, with a smiling countenance and arrayed in the neatest manner, called on me, to make the promised visit.

We passed through two or three pleasant streets, and then entered one, narrow and close, where not a tree cast its grateful shade over the unblinded windows, and no gardens, with their sweet perfume, relieved the close and heated atmosphere. The uneven pavement was strewn with rubbish swept from a neighboring store ; while the dark and crumbling walls spoke a silent history of neglect and want. But oh, how true and how sad is it, that so many pass through life, attracted only by what is bright and interesting immediately around them, little heeding the rich treasures lying undiscerned, because unsought, in their daily path.

Often had I passed through this street, as a mere matter of convenience, regarding it as dark and unpleasant,—little imagining the wealth of thought and feeling, the rich treasures of affection, the patient endurance and the calm Christian hope contained within those dwellings.

A knock at the door was quickly answered by a young girl of fifteen, whose countenance beaming with cheerfulness, love and purity, might well have formed a subject for an artist's pencil,—and I know you will be glad to learn, that my first favorable impression of her character has only been confirmed and strengthened by continued observation and closer acquaintance. My little friend then introduced me to her, and inquiring for her sister, we were invited to ascend the steep stairs, and passing through a narrow passage, we entered the chamber which the child occupied, and where her invalid mother was also seated in an easy chair. The latter attempted to rise and meet us, but was unable, but cordially invited us to be seated, and expressed her pleasure in seeing us. The chamber was neatly and comfortably furnished, though destitute of luxuries, saving two vases which had been given to the little sufferer, to contain the flowers which her young companions from time to time brought to her. A few books lay open upon the table, and there were a few plants in the window, the only tokens to the invalid, saving the heated air which blew through the apartment, that the richness of summer clothed the earth with beauty and glory. But I soon turned from this hasty survey of the room, to the particular object of my visit, and as I looked at the helpless child beside me, for a moment the dark problem of the meaning of human suffering crossed my mind, and I asked, *Why is this?*

During my visit I learned that Ellen had been a perfectly healthy child until nine years of age, attended school regularly, and was the gayest of the gay,—ever bright and active, and her teacher spoke of her as making rapid improvement in her studies. But at this time, that insidious and fearful disorder, the scrofula, first made its appearance, and after some weeks of severe illness, she returned to school, still bright in mind, though no longer able to take the lead in every sport and game,—her bounding step exchanged for a slow and measured movement, with the assistance of a crutch. A few

months passed, and *two* crutches were scarcely able to support her feeble limbs, but with the strong and active sympathies of childhood, she could not bear to give up the daily intercourse with her companions, and the excitements of a school life.

The next winter passed amid alternate hope and fear, and in the spring, an occasional ride in a little carriage, made expressly for her use, and drawn by the careful hand of "dear sister Lizzy," as she fondly calls her, was all the motion she was able to bear. But for more than a year past, even this has been given up, and the gentle sufferer, whose heart is so keenly alive to all that is beautiful in the outward world, is now wholly confined to her easy chair, totally helpless, and can hardly bear the gentle touch of her sister's hand, so keenly alive is every nerve and fibre in her diseased frame. Her forehead is broad and high, and still retains traces of her early beauty; but the pallid cheeks, and the expression of intense pain which passes over her countenance, at the slightest attempt to move her position, plainly indicate her great suffering. She has received the best medical advice, but it has been of no avail, and patient suffering, with no hope of physical relief, seems now her only destiny in this life.

But when I learned her patient endurance, when I listened to her simple words, and witnessed her delight as I placed before her a fresh bouquet of fragrant garden flowers, I felt that there were indeed spiritual resources, which no suffering and no privation could take away.

Her mother has been a great invalid for two years past, most of the time being confined to her room. In reply to an inquiry for her health, she said, "I ought not to deceive myself in hoping for relief in this world;" but she added, as a bright smile passed over her countenance, "there is a rest above, where there will be no sickness or suffering, and to that Home, I hope and trust to be received." When I spoke of the beauty of the country, and expressed a wish that Ellen could enjoy it, she said, "Yes, all of God's works are indeed beautiful, but do not add *that* wish; — it cannot be, and we must learn to bear cheerfully His will, without dwelling on the blessings denied to us. It is best for us, and ere long we shall fully and clearly know the reason of all that now, at times, seems dark." In her humility, I felt she little knew the divine efficacy of privation and suffering in ennobling and

spiritualizing her own character, in giving that peace which passeth understanding.

"But who," I added, "attends to your wants, and keeps every thing around you so neat, and in such perfect order?" "Lizzy," she replied. — "And has she no one to assist her?" "No; she is strong and well, and though I often regret her close and necessary confinement, while so young, she is always cheerful; and Ellen too, cannot bear to have any other person assist her, for she knows just what to do, and is so gentle and patient, that I know not what we should do without her. Besides," she added, in a lower tone, a "*Christian character* does not depend upon our occupation or situation in life, and I trust my child has chosen that better part, which no change can ever take from her."

Just then the door opened, and Lizzy came in, to see if it were time to prepare the evening meal, and then, with a bounding step, and humming a cheerful song, she went below to spread the tea-table, and to have every thing comfortable for her father and brother, on their return from their day's labor.

I then rose to take my leave, promising to return again soon, and bidding my little companion "good bye," slowly turned my steps homeward. A bright light had risen upon my mind, and I read with more clearness the great mystery of human suffering. I had seen its divine efficacy in quickening the affections, in purifying the character, in subduing selfishness, and I felt more deeply the power of Christian faith, to impart a living hope, an abiding peace, in the midst of the greatest bodily suffering and privation. And as repeated visits have attached me more strongly to the little sufferer, I have realized more truly the worth of the inward spirit, and felt that even a life like hers may be conducive to the highest good, and that her sphere of influence and usefulness, so narrow to the world's eye, in the sight of Heaven may be greater than that of the far-famed Philanthropist. And do not ministering angels love to dwell around a home like this, to impart the heavenly blessings of peace and hope and faith?

And how do all mere worldly distinctions vanish before the simple grandeur of goodness, worth, and spiritual vitality and power! Truly, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," — and that *our* spheres of activity, in earnestness and simple truth, and holy trust may be as faithfully fulfilled, is the sincere wish and prayer of your friend and correspondent. * * *

THE SMILES OF JESUS.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

I MET a child with downcast, thoughtful air,
And a strange gloom was deep'ning o'er her face,
(A face which nature meant for joy, not grief,)
And looking down into her azure eyes,
I parted back the ringlets from her brow,
And watched the deep, rich glow that dyed her cheek —
And said, with no vain thought to give her pain,
Dear child, why on this glorious eve when birds,
And fields, and flowers, and e'en the heavens are bright,
Why dost *thou* only of them all seem sad?

Her silvery tones came floating on the breeze,
While her soft eyes were filled with glistening drops;
"I have been thinking all day long," she said,
"That '*Jesus wept*.' I have been thinking too
He yet may weep in heaven, when we on earth
Forget the lessons taught us by his word,
And at each wicked thought a tear is shed,
More precious than the dew which nightly falls,
Op'ning the blue eyes of my violet cups,
Or cooling all the faded drooping flowers."

She paused — and while I vainly looked for words
Wherewith to calm and still her troubled breast,
A change came o'er her brow so saddened once,
And bright as golden star from forth the skies
Gleamed the expression of her lovely face,
And words like these she spake. "If Jesus weeps
At unchecked thoughts, or thoughtless, wicked deeds,
Each hour, and day, and night, I so will strive
To consecrate my soul to truth and him,
That when on good intent, I humbly try
To soothe some spirit broken by the world,
Or to relieve from want the hunger-pressed,
And turn my steps to these, not turned ere now,
Then he, who *wept* before at sins of mine,
With sweet forgiveness in his heart will *smile*."

I could not blame this hopeful, prayerful love,
But took a lesson from the simple child,
And as I onward through life's troubles pass,
And think with reverence of her touching words,
I breathe a wish that I like her might strive
To gain the *smiles* and not the *tears* of Christ.

THE BUCKMINSTER MEMOIRS.

BY REV. G. W. HOSMER.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the name of Buckminster. Other names are as great or greater, but no one is invested with associations so tenderly interesting. It is now nearly forty years since a bereaved city laid the much loved pastor and preacher of Brattle Street in the grave. His ministry was hardly eight years in duration. He died in the morning of his prime. Only a few of those now active among us were so favored as to have seen and heard him; but his name has come down to us significant of consecrated genius and saintly excellence, and his memory lives in the New England churches of our faith with perpetual verdure and fragrance. The young are eager to learn more of the youthful preacher who waked the heart and kindled the intellect and drew the wisdom and learning of his time to Christ; and the aged love to tell of the music of his voice and the grace of his manners; and how in the pulpit while he plead for truth and goodness, his whole person seemed transfigured with the soul of sacred eloquence. There seems to have been in his nature a sunny kindness, a heavenly temper that so mingled with his brilliant genius and so invested his outward person, that he became an object of universal attraction. Though probably not so profound as Channing, his bosom friend and relative, he was more felicitous in the graces of thought and expression, and more a favorite with society. He breathed an atmosphere of love. He seemed like an angel, lent for a little while to exhibit the divine beauty of truth and goodness.

When Buckminster passed on, one of his brethren in the ministry briefly told the touching story of his life; and this memoir together with some of his sermons was published, a noble memorial of the youthful saint. A few years ago those whose memories were full of his gracious presence, caused another volume of his sermons to be published, and then his works in two volumes: but they did not reproduce the living preacher; his beautiful soul and voice and manner could not

be printed and bound in a book ; and on the whole the new volumes were received with something like disappointment. They did not touch the springs of present thought.

We had all supposed that the ministry of Buckminster was closed, and were trying to be satisfied with what we knew of him ; when behold, he comes to us again, a child, a youth, a man, a son ; a brother, a friend, a minister of Christ. A gifted sister, who had already been the author of some pleasant books, has beautifully written a large volume, memoirs of her father and brother. With a skilful and loving hand she has opened to us the home life of a New England parsonage fifty years ago. What a loss, if the materials of this volume had never been given to us ! Thanks to God that the sister of Buckminster has been able to compose out of the things pondered in her heart this delightful series of tableaux ! None but a sister could have done it so well. It is a charming book ; its circulation will be a public blessing. The biographies of good men throw light upon our paths. Channing, Ware, Follen, Peabody, are fixed stars in our firmament.

Dr. Buckminster, the father, whose memoirs are given us, was the son of a minister in a small obscure town of Massachusetts. His lineage both of father and mother was among the best of New England. He was graduated at Yale College ; for a few years was one of its board of instruction ; and in 1779 was ordained to minister to a church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He possessed excellent endowments, a good mind, a tender heart, a lively, graceful imagination, a fine person, and the accomplished manners of the old school of New England refinement. He was a faithful, fervent, laborious minister of Christ. The distinguished son, Joseph Stevens Buckminster, was born 1784. It is delightful to be led by his sister through the sweet household memories of his childhood. I will not dwell in this fascinating spot, but one incident is so beautiful, and so prophetic, that we cannot pass it by. When he was between five and six years old, his parents made a journey and left him at home with the domestics of the family. As his father was going, he said pleasantly to the child, "Well, Joseph, you must keep all things in order while I am gone." The injunction was taken in a deeper spirit than the father thought of. The house had a

watchful guardian; and when the hours for family worship came, in his father's place he read the Scriptures and made an extemporaneous prayer; so devout were his manner and words, that the servants were moved to tears. Oh what a gift is such a child!

But it must not be thought that Buckminster became what he was in his childhood or his maturity without careful nurture and manifold instruction. His mother died while he was yet a child, but during his life she imbued his young soul with the noblest spirit of piety and goodness; and when she was gone, her memory dwelt in his heart. After the age of ten years, the son spent but little time at home; he was at school, and at college; and the father's weekly letters seldom failed; they abound with expressions of the most affectionate concern for his welfare; with hints of counsel, and warnings of danger, and reiterated appeals to be habitually devout and prayerful. It is easy to see what a beautiful relation existed between the father and the son. It was all a revelation of the tender, faithful heart. How difficult it is to fulfil the duty of the parent to the child! to do enough and yet not do too much! What wise discretion, what deep love, what untiring vigilance are requisite! It is a great thing to have laid open to us the mutual history of such a father and of such a son.

But we must not linger, lest our sketch should seem ambitious to rise to the dignity of a review, a character we had no thought of giving it. We will now bring our reader to a point in this domestic history which has deep interest for us as Liberal Christians. We have often been questioned concerning the time and circumstances of the protest against the Trinity and Calvinism which was made in New England.

This excellent father and his distinguished son may serve us as a history of it all. Dr. Buckminster was by education a Calvinist, as rigidly so as his gentle nature would permit. His religious feelings were all intertwined with that system: he had scarcely known that the Genevan teacher could be doubted; his early associations, his books, his companions, were all Calvinistic; and he pursued the path that was trodden before him.

We come now to the time when the son has completed his collegiate course. No stain has marred the beauty of his

opening soul. With the rarest splendor of genius, he had performed the honorable part assigned him on the day of his graduation. And now he turned towards the Christian ministry. When a child his dying mother had devoted him to the ministry of Christ, and his own heart had always been full of desires to do good in that profession. Up to this time he seems to have been led in the path of his father's thoughts; and now with a solemn earnestness he joins his father's church; and the good pastor looks forward with trembling joy to the time when his gifted son shall stand in his pulpit and speak the word of life. Hardly had Buckminster entered upon the study of theology, before he began to be troubled with the Trinity and Calvinism: but his love and reverence for his father plead for his father's opinions. Again and again he reviewed the ground of inquiry; he searched the Scriptures, read the ablest defenders of the Calvinistic faith: but the more he studied, the more entirely was he convinced that the Bible did not teach the Trinity nor Calvinism. Unwilling to give pain to his father by his doubts and convictions, he still pursued his inquiries, sought the best sources of biblical knowledge, studied the Scriptures in their original languages, went beyond Calvin and studied the records of the early Church. But in spite of his heart, he was compelled to dissent from his father. One can hardly refrain from weeping at the trouble and grief of both father and son. The father has lived in his system, has never looked beyond it; he believes he is right, and is amazed that his son can doubt where he has never thought of doubting. He enjoined almost sternly the study of the Scriptures, and the reading of his favorite authors: but all this the son had done. In the anguish of his heart he said, "Father, I have studied almost to distraction upon these points of doctrine upon which we cannot agree." And now comes the affecting trial. The son, in the father's eyes, is a heretic. That dear, gracious son, upon whose youthful loveliness and remarkable talents so many fond, high hopes were laid, in the father's sight has ceased to be orthodox, has fallen from grace. But the bigotry of the Calvinist was so covered with beautiful affections, that we hardly recognize it. We pity the father almost as much as the son. The father cannot endure the thought that his child should be a preacher of error; and the son so

loves and reveres his father that he contemplates the abandonment of what he had always regarded as his life-work, and even made application for a place, where in retirement he might pursue the sacred studies which he loved. In view of this relinquishment of his cherished purpose, we behold a re-enactment of Abraham's trial on Mount Moriah — *Isaac must be slain*. But in God's providence it was otherwise ordered. The gentle, obedient son had strength given him; he stood up in the humble use of his faculties and means of grace, and events opened a way and he meekly went forward.

With a richness of preparation seldom possessed, he was ordained in the church in Brattle Street in 1805 at the age of twenty-one. At once he created a new era in the pulpit of New England. Leaving the dark metaphysics of unintelligible subtleties, upon which the Calvinistic preachers had spent their time, he appealed at once to mind and heart and opened the solemn authority of truth and the beauty of holiness. So excellent were his public services, so sanctified by fervor and devoutness, and so remarkable were the effects which they produced, in a society which contained as much if not more intelligence and worth than any other in New England, that his father seems to have been moved somewhat from his too confident assurance of his own orthodoxy. To the great joy of his son and of the people, he consented to preach the sermon at the ordination of his son, and until his death exchanged pulpit services with him. But still he continued to mourn over the fatal heresy of the young preacher; from several expressions in letters, we infer that he did not think his son was a child of grace; and had father and son lived five years longer, the exclusive system that was adopted by the self-styled Orthodox of New England would probably have put a partition between them, to sever entirely their ministerial relations. Happily they departed before that unchristian exclusiveness was forced upon the churches, the dark shadows of which still gloom over us.

Here then we have in epitome the whole history of the protest made by Unitarians against the Trinity and the doctrines of Calvinism. It became manifest and was distinctly urged soon after the time that Buckminster and Channing commenced their ministries. And this father and son, as we have seen

them, may be regarded as very favorable representatives of the old and new schools of opinion. The father, looking backward to Christ and to the Scriptures through the creeds of Calvin and the middle ages, held fast to the old letter, and dreaded dissent as the destruction of souls. The son, seeking truth and taking no man for his master, put aside the traditions and perplexing subtleties of dogmatism, and sought for the simple truth as it is in Jesus. We have seen enough to show us how sorrowful the difference must have been. The dearest friends looked upon each other with distrust. The Orthodox shuddered to think of the doom of their heretical neighbors; and thought they did God service by excluding them from their sympathies. And then we know, though this memoir of father and son does not tell us, for between them there was no austerity, nothing but sadness that they could not agree, we know that the difference grew into a conflict, and coarse passions often took the place of calm inquiry and love of truth. How sad, that progress in ideas and opinions and life should be attended with so much harsh collision! May we not hope, that in these last fifty years, we have better learned to sift the chaff from the wheat; and quietly to take the good and cast the bad away?

Had we time, it would be pleasant to follow the interesting narrative. The son was hardly settled when disease in the form of epilepsy invaded his constitution and constantly threatened his life. With frequent interruptions, bearing his malady with a courageous patience and sweet resignation, he accomplished his short ministry of seven years, shedding such a glory upon the American pulpit as had never before rested upon it. The father loved the son; a touching tenderness marked all their intercourse; but the faithful follower of Calvin could not rejoice in the brilliant success of the young preacher; and notwithstanding his saintly life and character the father's heart seems never to have lost the sorrow of his dismal conviction that not one of his children was a subject of saving grace. We could weep that so tender and noble a soul should have been cramped and darkened by such a theology!

So beautiful in their lives, in their death they were not divided. Both died the same day, and went up almost together to that world, where man's errors cannot eclipse God's truth, where true Christians may rejoice together in the one spirit of a divine life.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT CONCORD, N. H.—Mr. Augustus Woodbury, recently from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the Second Congregational Society in Concord, on Wednesday, August 1, 1849. The exercises were as follows:—Anthem, The Lord is Great; Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nashville; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Smith of Groton, Mass.; Original Hymn, by I. A. S.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Beverly, Mass.; Chant, Psalm lxxxiv. 8—12; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, Mass.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Appleton of Danvers, Mass.; Hymn, by Longfellow; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of New Bedford, Mass.; Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H.; Anthem, O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; Benediction, by the Pastor.

INSTALLATION AT MEDFORD, MASS.—Rev. John Pierpont, recently of Troy, N. Y., was installed over the Society in Medford, lately under the charge of Rev. Caleb Stetson, August 5, 1849, Sunday, according to the original congregational usage.

ORDINATION AT ALBANY, N. Y.—Mr. Charles M. Taggart was ordained at Albany, Tuesday, July 31, 1849. We take the following from the *Inquirer*: "Mr. Taggart is a native of Kentucky, and is the son of Presbyterian parents, by whom he was educated in the religion of Calvin, and was intended for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. But his hopeful, humane, ingenuous spirit revolted at the doctrines which were propounded to his faith. He dared to study the Bible for himself. He became a Unitarian. By the advice of Mr. Heywood, of Louisville, he entered the Theological School at Meadville. There he has been pursuing his studies for four years, and graduated in the last class. Thence he came directly to Albany, and was ordained on the evening of July 31. Rev. Mr. Pierpont offered the Introductory Prayer, and read selections from the Scriptures; Dr. Dewey preached; Rev. Mr. May, of Syracuse, offered the Ordaining Prayer; Rev. Prof. Stebbins, of Meadville, gave the Charge; Rev. Mr. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky., gave the Right Hand of Fellowship; and Dr. Dewey offered the Concluding Prayer. The services were very appropriate, adapted not only to impress upon the young pastor the magnitude of the work he has undertaken to do, but to arouse the members of the church to a sense of the obligations which rest upon them."

ITEMS.—Rev. W. C. Tenney has received a unanimous invitation from the Unitarian Society at Northfield, which we hope he will accept.—The Unitarian meeting-house in Manchester, N. H. has been repaired and enlarged and reopened for services, under the able and zealous ministry of Rev. Mr. Fuller.—Rev. Mr. Huntoon has left Canton and taken charge of the society at Marblehead.—A new religious periodical for children is to be published at Worcester, under the special direction of the Worcester County (Unitarian) Sunday School Society.—On the occasion of closing their meeting-house in Leominster, our friends of the First Society were addressed in a very impressive and affectionate discourse, which we have read, by Rev. Professor Stebbins of Meadville, their former Pastor,—at the request of Rev. Amos Smith, their present devoted and efficient minister.—Rev. A. R. Pope has withdrawn,—we regret to say,—from his charge at Kingston on account of ill health.—Rev. F. McIntyre has gone to California, his eyes being weak.—Rev. W. A. Whitwell leaves his parish at Wilton, N. H.—The admirable Autobiography of Father Henson of Canada West, a fugitive slave, and one of the remarkable men of the age, is edited by Hon. Samuel A. Eliot of Boston.—A new Unitarian Society is in good progress at the "New City" at South Hadley Falls.—Father Mathew's visit to this country, and progress through the New England cities and large towns, is thus far attended with indications of great success in gaining signers to the Temperance Pledge.

The Fast recommended by the President of the United States and observed on the third of August, seems to have called forth some excellent sermons. The two that we have seen by our brethren, Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston and Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury, have, each in its own way,—rare and conspicuous merits. They treat directly of the Pestilence, and with uncommon force of thought and beauty of language. Mr. Alger's is printed in a pamphlet form, and, both for the manliness of its views and the grace of its diction, amply deserves such preservation,—which, in these days of incontinent publication, is saying a great deal,—and yet not all that might be said, of honest and decided commendation.

We have also the Report of the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston, sufficiently praised when we remind the reader it is Dr. Howe's: also, the Report of the "Ladies' Home Education Society," presenting a new claim for that patient and faithful charity.

A NEW SECT.—It is stated by the Buffalo papers, that on Sunday, July 22, there was a public secession from the German Roman Catholic Church of between two and three hundred, and a new organization formed, denominated the *Primitive Church*, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Giustiniani. What this sect intend to call themselves, or by what precise peculiarity they are distinguished, we are not informed, except that they intend to take the Bible as a book of general instruction among the people, in opposition to its exclusion by the Romanists.